

Peter not Infallible !

A Poem ;

ADDRESSED TO

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

ON HIS

Nil Admirari,

A LATE ILLIBERAL ATTACK ON THE

Bishop of London, and Mrs. Hannah More:

To which is added

A Poem,

on his almost blasphemous

ABUSE OF SACRED MUSIC,

in an

Ode to some Robin-red-breasts, &c.

By the Author of *Gleanings after Thomson*, &c,

I TOO AM A POET !

Cambridge :

1800.

Printed by M. Watson, Angel-inn-yard ;

And Sold by all the Booksellers : also in Oxford, Bath, Bristol, York, &c. and by Chapple,
Pall-Mall : and Lee, Fleet-Street, London.

Of whom, by the same Author, GLEANINGS AFTER THOMSON, Price 4s, and The SIZAR, a
RHAPSODY, Price 3s.

Recommendation and Damnation !

ANTI-JACOBIN Review for March.

“ The ingenious Author of *Gleanings after Thomson*, reviewed in ours
of Sep. 1799, justly indignant at the blasphemous ribaldry of PETER PIN-
DAR, here administers some wholesome correction and advice to that bard.
This attempt is highly creditable to the Author's abilities, and, what is of more
consequence to him, to his Principles. Throughout his Poem too, we have
discovered marks of feeling and humanity, properly tempered and benefici-
ally applied, which have made us dwell with peculiar pleasure on his pages. &c.

NEW LONDON Review, for February.

“ The Writer before us generously, but still severely, reprimands Dr.
WALCOT, for a late scurrilous, and, if the Doctor's abuse could be so, de-
famatory attack on Miss More, and the Bishop of London ; and feelingly la-
ments the constant prostitution of his talents, to the support of vice and to the
degradation of virtue. Both the Poems display correctness of verification,
and

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" and great poetical fire. We sincerely hope that the Author's pious and good
" advice to Peter Pindar, will not be entirely lost upon him, &c. "

MONTHLY Review for March.

" This Gentleman says to PETER PINDAR, *I too am a Poet !* So also
" may a Mite say to an Elephant, *I too am an Animal !*—This Gentleman floun-
" ders in the slough of abuse, with the pole axe of a carcase-butcher in his
" hand."—with many other such calm, unimpassioned, critical, and gentleman-
like epithets. Courteous Reader! hadst thou been told the very month before,
by the very same Critic, that a mad *Rhapsody*, the premature offspring of
petulant though ingenuous resentment, encumbered with an undigested hetero-
geneous mass from the chaos of an unshackled Imagination; hadst thou been
told that *this* possessed considerable merit, and that *not anybody could write like*
thee—but especially had this very same Oracle of "Infallibility" pronounced thee
destined for better performances——if thou art an Author, and yet a Novice in the
Trade, judge what it is, *thus* to be forced to refund the niggardly morsel of praise
they had bestowed, and by such a rude hand to be dashed capriciously, and at once,
from the pinnacle of Ambition. Know all men, and let all critics triumph, that
little David never closed a lid, the long, long second day of April—such was the
pain from a shaft of those, whose *censure is sometimes praise*.

The CRITICAL Review for April.

Is much more concise, more positive, and therefore more critical. Kind
wights! though you have denied me the privilege of a Briton, yet have you
stuck close to the charter of your tribunal—Hanged, drawn and quartered, with-
out the ceremony of a jury, or the formality of a trial—Ye supperless assassins
in the dark! as your farthing rushlight was probably winking its last ray, or your
mug of inspiring beer was just come in, you prudently made short and sure work
of it. Not a syllable therefore of your oracle's response shall be lost to posterity.
Favete linguis!

" This Gentleman tells P. P. *I too am a Poet !*—WE BEG LEAVE TO
" CONTRADICT HIM !!! "

Marvelling Reader! mid such diversity of opinions, what is thine?—
Wouldst thou have me hang my harp on the willows of father Comus, and get
bread by the sweat of my brow, or at least by turning Critical, or Monthly Cri-
tic? Wouldst thou have me relinquish a contest where Truth and Justice, the fair
Lady M—s, *Oxonienfis*, and Englishmen are on my side? If so, thou shalt not be
my Counsellor. Pardon, ye Critics, the vanity of an author, if he uncharitably
suggest, that some of his juries may be packed, and his judges bribed in the
cause of the plaintiff, Goliath. Let me thank the respectable, but unknown *Oxo-*
nienfis, for being of the same opinion. And at the same time suggest whether, in
what follows, my generous and able *second* in this "Duel" has not put me on a
footing, which, *propriis viribus*, may be untenable? However, may little David
indulge a hope, that, in case of emergency, *Oxonienfis* will supply a post for
which he seems so much better accoutred, and let little David be the second, if
not a looker-on? The most sanguine revenge cannot wish for more than

Part of a Letter from the ANTI-JACOBIN Review of April.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

You well know with what art the Monthly Reviewers can gild a pill that
is meant to undermine our national establishments: you had lately an instance in
their specious, though flimsy palliation of a most gross and infamous attack on two
of the most amiable characters of the age—the *Nil Admirari*. You, however, had
the courage to bring their unblushing misrepresentations into grinning day, &c.
I shall confine myself at present to their ungenerous critique on a very case
did yet severe reply to the *Nil Admirari*, by, as it appears, an aspiring, yet no-
less hopeful student in our sister University. Nor will it be much to their credit
if it appear, that, instead of pruning, with the lenient hand of criticism, an hope-

ful and luxuriant branch—instead of fostering infant genius, or an “unfledged Muse”, they inwardly smile to crush that hopeful and luxuriant branch, at once, to the dust, and to “send back the unfledged muse to her nest,” that is, if not of the *right sort*.

The whole of this sham criticism seems to be a few cowardly attempts to pull young Ambition from an eminence which they saw she might one day attain. For they begin with a *private* stab or two at reputation. The Author, it seems, had been so fortunate as to merit your approbation, when he made an offering of the “Firstlings of his Muse” under the title of “Gleanings after Thomson”. Now, to be praised by *you* was crime enough, for it shewed the Author not of the *right sort*. They therefore point their spleen immediately, by ungenerously perverting his meaning. Telling the Public, this Challenge is by the Author of “Gleanings from Thomson”. If the Critic aimed at wit, he is miserably mistaken. Moreover, in the name of this juvenile bard, let it be submitted to your Readers, whether such meanness be not unworthy of every thing that arrogates to itself the name of criticism—except indeed the *Monthly Review*. Again, you had very justly remarked, that to demand half a crown for *Nil Admirari*, with only 12 lines in a quarto page, and which was as coarse in appearance as in manner, or in matter, was a daring imposition on the Public. By way therefore of a cowardly retort, they put the price of “Peter not Infallible” at three shillings, instead of two. And it must be confessed, *little David* has much less reason to be ashamed of shewing his face, in every respect, than their fondling *Goliath*.

When once they have got over the *title*, they complain of Peter’s hard usage, by telling us, the Author *founders in the slough of abuse, with the pole-axe of a carcase butcher in his hand*. What! can any thing be defamatory to the author of *Nil Admirari*? But, Sir, if you will let *little David* speak for himself, your Readers will see there is as much of sound criticism in this expression, as there is elegance of language:

“Blush, WALCOT! blush, if yet a blush remain,
“Or e’er thy cheek the modest stranger knew;
“Not that thou call’st the Theban Sage thy fire,
“Thou want’st but virtue to make good thy claim:
“But tell me, why did lavish Nature cull
“Her choicest shoots of intellectual growth,
“Then bounteous bid the mental wreath be thine?
“That syren, song; the luxury of thought;
“The daring flights of heaven-ward Fancy’s wing,
“That plumes the poet, and that *sars with thee*? &c.

The Critic seems highly displeased with a passage where *little David* very beautifully contrasts the fair disciples of Mrs. More with the Amazonian cabal of Godwin and the New Philosophy. *Hinc Iræ!* For he exclaims, very violently, what have Godwin or the New Philosophy to do here? Surely a great deal!

“Sad sacrifice of female honor this!
“But more than this the Muse reluctant sings.
“Ev’n in that sex whose gentler breasts should heave
“With no fierce tumult, save the lover’s sigh:
“Mid these, dark Faction tells her gossip tale,
“In league with France fair Freedom to entomb,
“While Infidelity’s assassins lurk,
“To murder souls, or sink them in despair!
“Yet WALCOT becks the dire banditti on,
“And smiles complacent o’er his country’s tomb:
“Whose Muse of fire should dart on Folly’s throne,
“Her numbers lightening thro’ the cave of guilt,
“With each a poniard for the Dæmon’s breast,
“To drag the Monster grinning into day”, &c.

Surely P. P. never had a more candid antagonist, &c.--- The only plausible part of this critique is, where the writer appears surprized at not seeing Peter paid in his own coin. But let this juvenile champion in the cause of eminent worth, bring his own apology. In his “challenge,” if we mistake not, he rightly informs us, “that Truth neither needs the eloquence of a brothel, the coward-

ly weapons of abuse, nor even the gaudy trappings of ornament, to prepossess her judges in her favour." If, Mr. Editor, you give this a place in your inimitable publication, you will, I think, do justice to the Public and the two respectable characters in the *Nil Admirari*, as well as to this hardy Cantab, who has bravely challenged Peter to the fight! &c. See the Review. I remain yours heartily

Oxford, April 8th, 1800.

OXONIENSIS.

To the BRITISH CRITICS, who have not yet appeared either pro or con, LITTLE DAVID humbly prayeth:

Who is no cormorant in praise, d'ye see,
He asks not all the laurel, but a sprig;
Hear me, then, Guardians of the sacred tree!
And stick a little bit about my wig.

TO THE LOVERS AND PATRONS OF

Sacred Music.

It having been insinuated in one of the most respectable of the public Prints (*Anti-Jacobin Rev.* for March, Art. *Peter not Infallible*) that P. P's almost blasphemous ode to the Robin-red-breasts was going to be set to the Harpsichord by a pupil of Handel's, who had taken a degree in one of our Universities, &c. the Author of the second Poem, mentioned in this Advertisement, occasioned by that indecent and scurrilous attack on Sacred Music, is proud to inform the public of a distinction which he fears not his Poem, but the justice of the cause has merited——Dr. CLARKE of this University, justly resenting such an insult to the Manes of Handel, proposes also to set this latter Poem to Music; conceiving that, by a different arrangement, some trifling alterations, and, perhaps, a few additional stanzas of a lighter measure, to be introduced as airs, &c. it may be made to express most of the passions which Music is able to speak. Indeed, those who are acquainted with Dr. Clarke's professional attainments, will not doubt but the want of harmony in the strains of this "Village Muse" will be amply compensated by the kind offices of her sister, Euterpe. Dr. Clarke is at present engaged in publishing a set of Anthems &c, yet he is announcing its appearance in the course of the summer. It is to come forth under the patronage of a Subscription of *half-a-guinea* a copy—paid on delivery. Those Ladies and Gentlemen, who generously intend to patronize a champion in such a cause, are to give in their names to Broderip and Wilkin-son, Haymarket; Mr. Chapple, Bookseller, Pall-Mall; or to Cooke, Oxford, and Deighton, Cambridge.

UNION.

The Writer of this advertisement, having already used some diligence in collecting materials, intends, ere many months elapse, to publish a pretty long Poem on the UNION. He therefore presents compliments to brother bards, and hopes they will not anticipate his design. Should they have such a project in contemplation already, this will not make him desist; because, as to some, whom he could mention, it would crown his ambition to be considered, as humbly stepping to the Temple of Fame, where THEY lead the way.

CAMBRIDGE, 1800.

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